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JEANNETTE'S "OLD STORY."*

JT was the day before my young master died; I was alone with him and handing him a drink. As he took it from my hand he looked me full in the face, and said: 'You have been very fond of me, Jeannette.' 'I have always been Monsieur le Comte's faithful servant,' I replied. 'I say that you have been very fond of me,' he said again, 'and you know what I mean.' I did know it well enough, and though I was a girl no longer, though that foolish time was over, I was still a woman, and my poor face felt all on fire. My young master said again: 'Do not think I did not see it—do not think I did not care for it; the truth is, Jeannette,' he said, speaking quite warmly, 'that I was much too fond of you myself to wish to bring you to shame.' A word I could not answer; my legs shook under me. After all, he had liked me. Oh! never—never as I had loved him! but still he had liked me—as a young man likes a pretty girl, with rosy cheeks and black eyes; but still he had liked me. My young master sighed, and said again: 'Jeannette, I am dying, and the dark days are coming—the Revolution was brooding—and I must leave a poor little wife and child to God alone knows what fate. Jeannette, never forsake them—though the whole world should abandon them, be true to them as you have been true to me. The people will rise against their masters and take sore vengeance for the past; the servant will betray the hand that gave it bread; but you, Jeannette, oh! you will never forget that you have been dear to your master's heart, and sacred as any lady to your master's honor.' He sank back quite tired. I knelt down by his bed, and I kissed the hand of the noble gentleman who had scorned to tempt to sin a fond and foolish girl, a poor peasant's daughter. I vowed, that as I had loved him, I would love his wife, his child, and the children of his child, if I lived to see them. And have I not kept that vow?' cried Jeannette, breaking into passionate sobs and tears. 'His little wife had been the darling of his heart—did she not become the darling of mine? When she lost home and fortune in the Terror, did I not work for her and her baby? Let her tell him in the next world, where she so

soon followed him, let her tell him if, whilst she lived, Jeannette ever suffered toil and labor to stain the little white hand he had been so fond of kissing."

Jeannette ceased; a long pause followed; when the old woman spoke again it was in a wholly altered tone.

"Does Mademoiselle know," she said sadly and gravely, "why I have told her so old a story?"

Adele looked up like one waking from a dream, and said quietly:

"No, Jeannette. I do not know—why was it?"

The natural question seemed to embarrass Jeannette considerably; nevertheless she said:

"Mademoiselle may see that what undid me was my master's kindness. Had he not been so kind he might have been the handsomest of handsome gentlemen, and I would not have cared for him—no otherwise, at least, than as my master."

"Of course not," replied Adele.

"But kindness—does Mademoiselle know what kindness can do? It melts a heart, as the spring sun thaws snow; it makes the strong one weak as a little child."

Adele smiled at something in her own thoughts and said, softly:

"Yes, Jeannette, kindness is sweet and warm as the warm sun."

"And the sun is good for age, and dangerous to youth," said Jeannette, looking troubled. "Oh! it will not do for girls to whom gentlemen are kind, to think too much about that kindness. Who would not like to look at a girl of sixteen with rosy cheeks, blue eyes, dark hair, and a face as bright as that of the morning? But to look is not to love! Who would not be kind to a little thing that never harmed a fly, that runs about like a kid, that plays like a kitten, and sings like a bird, and laughs so sweet that no one can ever tell which is most pleasant to listen to, her laugh or her song! But, oh! that kindness of a gentleman to a child is not the love of a man for a woman."

The red lips of Adele parted; her blue eyes opened with amazement.

"And then," sadly pursued Jeannette, without looking at her, "the liking of some men—ay, and of the best—is often a strange thing. For your all they will give you back a little, and stop there. Love you they cannot; that time is not yet come for them, or it is gone by. Marry you they will not, you are too young or too

poor; but a little through vanity—God help us, we are all weak!—a little through blindness, a little because they do not know the mischief they are doing, they let you love, and when they marry some one else, or go off with themselves, and never return, they are very sorry for you. But why are you so foolish or so fond?"

Adele started to her feet, red like a crimson flower.

"Hush, Jeannette," she cried, "hush! no more."

And springing through the door, she vanished.

"Too late!" groaned Jeannette; "I should have spoken before—too late!"

A LETTER from Rome to a London paper has the following references to well-known literary people sojourning in Italy:

There have been, besides aristocracy and royalty, celebrities not to pass unnoticed in crowds among the foreign visitors here during the past season. Hawthorne and his family spent a part of the winter here; and it is but a few days since I had the honor of being introduced to another of America's illustrious sons, Mr. Bryant, who had been traveling in Spain and Italy, with his lady, a daughter, and a beautiful niece. I found this veteran poet then on the eve of his departure for Florence, and was most favorably impressed by his venerable aspect, quiet dignity, and unassuming simplicity of manners.

Frederika Bremer left shortly after Easter, I believe for the Holy Land, and all, I think, ever admitted to her society, must be similarly pleased by the unaffected sweetness, the vivacity tempered by matron dignity, that I could not help admiring in the authoress of those admirable novels of Swedish life. Her colored drawings, landscapes and heads, which she was so good as to show me, prove that Madame Bremer has more than ordinary taste as an amateur artist; and I was particularly pleased with her expressive portrait of Jenny Lind. Mrs. Jameson did not arrive here from Florence till after Easter, for a stay of not many weeks. Full of mental activity, pleasing and affable as ever, she seems absorbingly occupied, as far as health and strength allow, in preparing that work, the completion of her most interesting series, from which so much may be expected, on the Life and Legends connected with the person of our Lord.

* From Julia Kavanah's new novel "Adele," just published by D. Appleton & Co.